

THE RING AND THE OSTRICHES

By FRANK RUSSELL

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Billy Nutzel and me wuz trappin' and huntin' down here together in Patagonia for 'bout three year, an' had got a thunderin' lot of furs an' skins. Billy sez to me one day, an' he says, "I'd best to take 'em to Frisco and sell 'em there, as we couldn't get half the worth of 'em here, an' besides, we oughter have a bit of a spell, anyway, so I says hush, we'll go. We hit the trail for Punta Arenas, where nearly all our furs wuz, and where we'd have to catch a boat."

There wasn't nuthin' but these cargo tramp steamers in the straits then, and the feller in the office there sez as how no boat wuz comin' for awhile, so we put up at the Gaucho hotel, and by a Australasia, to wait till she happened along.

We'd been in this shack a couple of days, an' one evenin' I wuz down in the barroom, havin' a quiet time by myself, when all of a sudden I hears Billy yellin' for me to come there quick. Well, I grabs my old 44, thinkin' he's in a real trouble, and tears back to his room.

"Sit down," sez he, "I got a billy good scheme."

I stowed away the gun, disgusted, and gave 'im some advice 'bout frightenin' people with heart trouble, which he took on nois.

"Look here," he sez, "we're goin' ter make our forbin' this trip, shore. We'll rig up a couple of inkysaters, and fill 'em with awatrich eggs, an' 'bout the time we get to Frisco they'll be nearly ready to hatch, an' we can sell 'em alive to these rich sports, and make some to a circus or menagerie. They'll fetch a fat price, an' we'd oughter get a pile of coin out of 'em."

Billy was proper loco 'bout this scheme, an' kep' tellin' it over an' over again, an' I said, "I'll whackin' the table with his flat, and plannin' how we'd spend the money, 'til I blamed if he didn't get me roused up, too, an' so I said we'd give it a trial, bet'n it 'ud cost nothin'."

I'd never seen a inkysater on dooty before, but Bill he'd been on a farm up in Santa Fe, where there wuz lots of 'em, and then he's a mighty handy chap with the tools he's got, an' he wuz both wuz rigged up a couple of big boxes, and got some sport lamps off'n a schooner, an' put some rings in the boxes so's to hang 'em up in the boat with ropes, to keep 'em from rockin' in bad weather.

That took a couple of days, an' then we started out in camp with the horses an' some cargo baskets with wool in 'em, to fetch the eggs. You know how plentiful is awatrich eggs now in December? Well, they's a lot more plentiful than days, an' we got the horses loaded in no time.

We got the eggs to Punta Arenas, and filled up the inkysaters. Betwixt an' they had 'bout 400. All over the outside of the boxes we painted in Spanish and English: "Handle with care" an' "Delicate contents."

Purty soon the old boat hove in sight—Englishman sez wuz, 'bout 5,000 tons.

When ever' thing wuz aboard, Bill went 'round to the first mate, tellin' him 'bout our inkysaters, an' paid 'im ten dollars to let us put 'em up for'ard in an empty storeroom. So we drove some big staples in the ceiling an' swung up the boxes.

Ever' thing wuz goin' so easy that me an' Bill wuz gettin' more confident in the scheme ev'ry minit.

A woman and two kids wuz the only other passengers on board, 'cause in them days mighty few people went up the west coast.

We figured the eggs 'ud hatch out 'bout a week after we got to Frisco, an' I reckon they would have, too; but when we got up here to Callao an' loaded a bit of cargo, a feller, with a bunch of soldiers, come aboard, an' said the plague had broken out an' we gatter stay in quarantine.

Well, the plague got wuss an' wuss, an' we had to lie there for three weeks befo' we got away, an' the cap'n of the boat wuz half as mad as me an' Bill, 'cause we foresees that the awatriches are goin' ter hatch on board an' cause trouble.

After we left Callao we couldn't get inter any other port 'til after a bunch of awfuls had nosed round fur a couple of days, an' finally the cap'n sez that we'd be two months behind time when we got to Frisco.

One mornin' jest befo' we got to Panama, Bill had a look at the eggs, an' comes back madder'n a fresh-sheared ram. He says: "The awatriches are comin'."

We hired the carpenter to make crates for 'em, an' 'im kep' 'im working overtime to keep up with the demand. Bill wouldn't let me do nothin', said he's a proper hard fanner, an' wuz goin' ter keep 'em on 'em himself.

The cap'n wuz a bit sore 'bout this sudden cargo of live stock, but Bill giv' 'im a roll of fur skins an' a guano cap, an' some furs to the other officers, so they's Bill's friends then, an' the first mate told the cook to save all the leavin's an' put 'em in a basket outside the galley, where Bill could get it handy to feed the sticks.

Out o' the whole lot o' eggs nearly 100 hatched; but a few died, so we had 'bout 350 left. An' you oughter see 'em grow!

The cap'n promised Bill he could turn 'em out on deck ever' Sat'day fur a run-around, an' when he'd open the boxes they'd be all over the deck, lookin' an' aft, in five minits.

They's great han's to swaller things—burnt matches, cigarette stumps, buttons an' bits of iron, an' they wuz 'stra pickin' at nail heads an' bolts an' spots of paint.

One Sat'day Bill let 'em loose, and they's scamperin' round deck for more'n two hours, when I hears a yell from aft. I thought one of them

kids with the woman had fell overboard, so I tears back along the deck, shuckin' off my coat, an' I sees the woman hot-footed after a awatrich, but it gets mixed up with the crowd, and they all run for'ard together. I takes her whin' the trouble an' she begins to cry an' says the awatrich has done swallered her dimin' ring, and that Bill has got to cut 'em all open till he finds it. I told her I'd see Bill and see what he sez, and started off, and she looks for the cap'n.

She sets forth that she left the ring on 'er toilet stand, an' went up on deck for a walk. When she comes back the awatrich wuz standin' in her room, an' she druv 'im back upstairs, an' when she went to get the ring it wuz gone, so she chases the bird till they get mixed up together. She reckons there's only one thing to do, and that's to get a knife an' examine 'em all inside, till we find the right one. Everybody knowed how bad the awatriches wuz 'bout swallerin' things, espec'ly shiny things, so of course we thought the ring wuz inside one of the birds.

"How much is this here ring wuth?" sez Bill. "I'll pay you fur it."

But the woman sez it wuz a present from her first husband, an' had a dimin' in it as big as her thumb, an' she wouldn't take a thousand dollars fur it.

Well, they jawed fur an hour, till Bill thinks of a scheme to get the ring without slaughterin' the birds, so he hustles round for the doctor to



"I Hears a Yell from Aft."

make 'em sick, but they wouldn't divulge the ring that 'ere way. We sees right off that this scheme is no good, and Bill sez:

"Suppose we leave 'em fur a few days, an' mebbe we'll have terrible rough weather, an' they'll get seasick, an' fling up the ring." Everbody nacherally roared, 'cept the woman—she got proper red-headed.

"You're gittin' right foolish," she sez to Bill. "Them birds gatter be blessed right off."

Bill sees there's nothin' else to do, so we gits a knife each, an' begins the investigation. The woman follers, too, allowin' she's goin' to watch that we look good. I wuz to do the killin' an' skinnin' 'cause the skins wuz wuth a good bit an' Bill an' the woman wuz goin' ter do the prospectin'.

We worked all that day, killin' an' skinnin' and prospectin', an' found ever' thing in the world inside us 'em 'cept the ring.

We started again the next mornin', and pretty soon had all the awatriches killed 'cept five, an' still no ring in sight.

"Bout that time here comes them two bally little kids, on the hot jump."

"We found yer ring under the bed, mommer," one o' 'em boyled.

Well, I thought Bill wuz goin' to massaker the whole crowd. He jumped up on a for'ard hatch, flung his hat overboard, an' cussed for 20 minits, without takin' breath, and done a proper war dance the whole time.

"If any you gangle-legged shakes wants to champion this here female, let 'im 'proach to 'is death, an' I'll mash his face like a spilled pertater," he howled out; but everybody wuz safe under cover, an' he had the boat to himself.

After while he got tired an' set down, but still accusin', an' I went out to 'im to pacify 'im. "Don't take it so hard, Bill," I sez. "We'll be in Frisco pretty soon, an' then we can go back to Patagonia fur another crop of awatrich eggs."

And that's why we're here.

SMART YOUTH.



Uncle (to noisy nephew)—When I wuz your age, my lad, I wuz seen and not heard. Nephew—Not much of a treat for the lookers on, was it, Nunk?

TWO LATE MODES



The gown at the left is of black crepe de chine. The half-empire skirt is trimmed lengthwise with tuck bands of taffeta and is finished at the bottom with a wide band of lace re-embroidered with jet paillettes.

The corsage and little sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and also with a jet fringe. The tucked guilpe and the undersleeves are of white tulle.

The other gown is of black chiffon-mousseline. Undulating bands of taffeta and panels of flut guilpe trim the skirt.

The prettily draped corsage is of the flut guilpe, trimmed around the neck with the taffeta bands. The yoke and undersleeves are of white lace; the girdle with pretty knot, is of black taffeta.

FROCKS FOR THE TUB.

Blue and Brown Galates. Among the Best of Materials.

Among the cheapest of the good-looking tub jumper frocks are those made of blue and brown galates. The material sells at a very small price everywhere and washes like a collar.

It comes in good tones that do not show soil and comes out of the tub without being faded.

Linen makes charming ones, but every woman does not care to afford many linen frocks. The good quality is the only one worth buying, and a frock of it amounts up.

When a girl feels she can afford only one, she should get it in rose pink or blue green in order that it may be dressy enough for afternoon wear.

This is the ideal costume for church this summer, at home or on a vacation.

The reason most of these materials were not comfortable before for summer frocks was because of their heat around the neck and arms.

Both Suitable for Girls from Eight to Ten Years of Age.

The first costume pictured is a smart little dress in blue checked zephyr. The skirt is trimmed with a band of plain blue zephyr, the pinafore-bodice being bound with the same, and the shoulders and fronts connected by straps of zephyr fixed under tiny buttons. A blouse of white moulin printed lightly with blue is worn with it.

The second is another pretty wash-



ing-dress of pink zephyr. The skirt has a shaped piece turned up at the foot and stitched on the outside.

The bodice has a small yoke of piece lace set into a shaped yoke and platoon of zephyr, the sides being plaited and laid under it. The light-fitting lower part of sleeve is of piece lace.

A Belting Jumper.

Embroidered linen belting, in white and color, may be bought by the yard, and a very clever little lady has used it to make herself a jumper. A double thickness over each shoulder, from the waist line in the front to the waist line in the back, is the foundation of the garment, while a few strips across the back and front give the whole a very jumper-like appearance.

The four loops at the waist line formed by the shoulder straps are used to slip the belt through, so, when it is worn with a white skirt and blouse, the effect is of one of the popular one-piece dresses.

It is just such an arrangement that makes it possible to wear a blouse and skirt without a coat.

English Dress for Indians.

It seems not improbable that the dress adopted by educated India, which is more or less of the western type, will also be adopted by the people at large in the future. The fondness of the orientals for bright colors may give rise to gorgeous neckties and gold-laced collars.—Hindustan Review, Allahabad.

WAY TO MAKE NEAT HEM.

Accomplishment Few Women Seem to Have at Command.

It is really surprising how few women know how to make a neat hem, although this was considered a necessary accomplishment in the days of our grandmothers. It is used to finish the raw edges of goods and it is most important that it be evenly and neatly turned down; always turn it toward you. To do this, turn down one-quarter of an inch all along the edge and baste it on the crease with even basting stitches.

Take a stiff piece of cardboard and mark on it the exact width of the hem. Place the edge of the creased cardboard at the creased edge of the goods and mark the desired width with a thread, using the short and long basting stitch. Fold the hem on this line of thread and baste to the material along the upper edge with an even basting. In hemming do not use a knot. Hold the hem across the end of the forefinger of the left hand. Point the needle toward you, to the right, and insert it under the edge of the hem close to the right thumb. Draw the needle through, leaving an end of the thread to be tucked under the edge.

To begin the hemming stitch, point the needle toward the middle of the left thumb and take up one thread of the cloth and the same of the fold. To have the thread slant in the right direction, see that each time a stitch is taken that the needle points directly across the middle of the left thumb. To have the hem appear well when finished care must be taken to have the distance between each stitch exactly the same.—Exchange.

Old Idea Revived.

A pretty way of trimming a muslin and lace frock is by heading the deep insertion of lace on the skirt (the band of dentelle so beloved of Paris) with a heading wide enough to admit of a satin ribbon, some two or three inches in width, this ribbon being threaded through it at intervals of about a foot, tied into pretty bows, but these are not left on a level with the heading. They are pulled through so that the bow hangs down over the lace, the little ends having a ball of floss silk to finish them off, with a bunch of fringe falling from the center of each ball. These loosely hanging bows look very quaint against the lace background.

The very dressy robes for afternoon or evening wear are now composed of marquisette. This is so very fine that it looks like organdie or mousseline from a distance. It comes in all colors, too, and the colors are very dainty and delicate. Of course the marquisette is flimsy, but everything this season is the same. Drapers declared that goods were to have more body a year or two ago, but heavy goods have not yet made an appearance.

Chiffon on Summer Frocks. No summer frock is complete without its yard or two of superfluous chiffon. It is a sad presenting such alluring possibilities to the feminine mind that it cannot be ignored.

Novelty in Skirts.

The "really new" skirt, which we find in silk cachemire, in heavy crepe de chine, in thick eastern silks of all kinds, as in supple light cloths, is made with folds dragged across the front from bust to ankles, the tendency of the lines being to mount toward the back, perhaps crossing over obliquely there and ending under a buckle on one hip, or at the shoulder blade. Fancy this in dead leaf color, meager as to underskirt, slightly trailing, and worn with a taffeta coat in light jade green, which, short-waisted and tailless behind, has two long side pieces that almost reach the ankles, fringed and embroidered in soutache. There is a soft sash of black tulle satin, which is carried across the bust under the coat, high enough behind to just show under the short coat back, and crossing there, returning to drop in front and knot at the bend of the legs.

Her Last Hope.

After a man's wife finds that it is useless to try to convince him that smoking is an expensive habit she begins to be afraid that it hurts the baby's throat.

STRANGE SLEEPING SICKNESS

NEW BRITISH COMMISSION APPOINTED TO STUDY SOUTH AFRICAN DISEASE



EARLY STAGE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

LATE STAGE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS



THE UGANDA TSETSE FLY WHICH SPREADS SLEEPING SICKNESS



COL. SIR DAVID BRUCE, F.R.S.

The sleeping sickness of Africa is one of the diseases which not only menaces the black man, but the white man as well. It has claimed its victims by the thousands, and has remained up to recent years a disease of great mystery, and one baffling the skill of the physician to successfully treat. Scientific men have made a study of it and have about come to the conclusion that it is caused by the bite of the tsetse fly.

England, because of her possessions in Africa, has been specially active in investigating the disease and endeavoring to discover some remedy. As evidence of this the government established in London last May a national sleeping sickness bureau, which should act in co-operation with the South African government and the Royal Society. This bureau undertakes the collection of topographical, statistical, pathological and other information regarding sleeping sickness, and arranges for its prompt distribution among those who are engaged in combating the disease, as well as for the circulation of publications designed for the use and guidance of government officials and missionaries abroad. It is contemplated, also, to prepare a map of tropical Africa on as complete a scale as possible, with the view of indicating the distribution of the malarial and of the species or kinds of blood-sucking insects which may be concerned in the causation of the disease in infected areas.

But more important by far is the recent decision of the British government to institute a new commission of inquiry to resume the investigation of the disease in East Africa, which was suspended in 1906, following the fatal contraction of the sleeping sickness by Lieut. Tulloch.

The commission is to be charged by Col. Sir David Bruce, F. R. S., of the Royal army medical corps (upon whom the king lately conferred the honor of knighthood), and that officer will be accompanied by Capt. A. E. Hamerton, R. A. M. C., and Capt. H. R. W. M. A. M. C. They will proceed in September next to Lake Victoria, on the northern shores of which, in the province of Chagwe, Sir H. Hesketh Bell, K. C. M. G., governor and commander-in-chief of the Uganda protectorate, has been authorized to provide a suitable laboratory station.

Sir David Bruce has had special training and varied experience in treating tropical maladies which mark him out as one eminently qualified for the task at hand.

Twenty-four years ago as an army doctor he began the study of Malta fever, and in 1887 discovered and isolated the offending microbe. Two years of work in Zululand, from 1894, enabled him to determine the parasite (and hence the true nature) of the "Nagana" disease of South Africa, so fatal to horses, donkeys, and other domesticated animals. Moreover, he proved experimentally that a species of tsetse fly transmitted the particular infective micro-organism—called in the terms of science, a "trypanosome." Thus he was the first to demonstrate that a biting fly could promote disease by harboring a blood parasite capable of being passed as a poison into the circulatory system of animals.

In 1903 occasion served for the further study of sleeping sickness in Uganda, and before long he was able to show that here, too, a species of tsetse fly acted as the carrier of a

"trypanosome," the root cause of the disease, in this case inflicting on man.

Sleeping sickness, since its introduction in Uganda in 1901, has leveled a heavy toll on the unfortunate natives, no fewer than 200,000 out of a total population of 300,000 in the affected districts having been swept away. In large areas of the Congo Free State it has decimated the tribes. Furthermore, it has appeared in the Sudan, and is now threatening German East Africa, Rhodesia, and the British Central Africa protectorate. Coupled with the native mortality are cases of Europeans who have succumbed to the disease, of whom a certain number, it may be mentioned, have died in England while under medical surveillance.

The malady seems not to have been described until 1803, when Dr. T. Winterbottom furnished an account of cases as seen in West Equatorial Africa. We have now, of course, full information regarding the symptoms of the complaint. The usual course of the disease is from four to eight months. At the outset there is headache, a feverish condition, lassitude, and corresponding disinclination to work; the facial aspect changes, "a previously happy and intelligent-looking negro becomes, instead, dull, heavy and apathetic." Later, tremor in the tongue develops, the walk shuffling, and progressive weakness, drowsiness and oblivion to his surroundings afflict the sufferer. The last stage is marked by extreme emaciation, and an ever-deepening coma until death supervenes. It is, indeed, the comatose symptoms so manifest in the final stages that have given rise to the term sleeping sickness.

Here it is appropriate to say a few words with reference to the cause of a disease, which, down to the time of the Uganda outbreak, had remained a mystery. In 1902 the veil was in part lifted by Dr. Aldo Castellani, who, working at Entebbe as a member of the first commission of inquiry from this country, observed a particular microscopic parasite in cerebro-spinal fluid taken from sleeping sickness patients. This formed a new starting point, and observations made by additional workers quickly supplied confirmation, and irrefutable evidence was forthcoming that the parasite was present in all cases of the disease and associated with its course. Soon after it was demonstrated by Bruce that a correlation existed between the prevalence of disease in the stricken areas and the presence of the tsetse fly, abundant in those localities where sleeping sickness was rife. He proved, further, as a corollary, that the parasites ("trypanosomes") were transmitted from the sick to the healthy subject by this species of biting fly. Since then the elucidation of the parasitic origin of the malady, its mode of transmission, spread and related questions of infection in both man and animals have assumed important aspects, which many investigators in various countries are now earnestly studying.

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft, by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light-fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Rushing Things.

Estelle—He is a perfect brute. He almost fractured my skull. Muriel—How?

Estelle—I agreed to give him a kiss for every shooting-star I saw, and as they were scarce he gave me a whack on the head that made me see about a million.—Half Holiday.

Remains the Same.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

A DEAD CITY IN PERSIA



A retired French officer, M. H. de Bouillane de Lacoste, has discovered in Seistan, in eastern Persia, a buried town. It lies almost midway between Meshed and the Persian gulf, in a district that Great Britain and Russia may bring some day into prominence. It lies in a desolate region, but shows evidence of a high civilization.

WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of the business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the line-light—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out "inducements," offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer's brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods "come back" it's the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

That the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company make to send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.

On the Doctors.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

Cape Cod Fog.

"Yes," remarked the Down Easter, "we do have fog along Cape Cod sometimes. One night the fog came up and in the morning when I went to milk I couldn't find the old cow. Knew where she was in the habit of lying, though, and followed her easy enough. Got to her just in time, too."

"Why, I just went through the hole she made in the fog—sort of a tunnel like—and pretty soon I came up to her. She was almost smothered. You see the fog had packed ahead of her and she'd jammed her horns into it and got stuck. Had to chop her out. You may believe it or not, but I'll show you the cow any time you come 'round."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Few Funny Facts.

The Georgia legislature has had under consideration a bill which would make null and void a matrimonial contract into which a woman has wheedled a man by means of paint, powder, perfume, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, corsets, hoops, high-heeled shoes, low-cut waists, lace or rainbow hosiery, or by any other artificial means or practices. Why not limit the woman's "wheedling" privileges to the method of absent treatment? It is plain the poor men need at least a ten-mile start.

When the Little Man Scares.

A meek-looking little man with a large pate-bonnet climbed on the car. As he did so he bumped slightly into a sleepy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of side-whiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled: "This is no freight car, is it?" "Nope," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it ain't any cattle car, either, is it?"

Mentally Sound.

The proud beauty eyed him with scorn.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I would marry a dried up, insignificant, homely little man like you? You must be crazy!"

"No, Miss Pinkie," he said, looking around for his hat; "my mind is all right, but you have convinced me that it's in the wrong body."

A Hard Blow.

"So Barnstomner's performance of Hamlet caused a great hit in the country circuit."

"Yes, a stunning hit."

"Between ourselves, what caused it?"

"I don't think Barnstomner ever knew himself what struck him."

REMAINS THE SAME.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

The flavour of Postum

A DEAD CITY IN PERSIA



A retired French officer, M. H. de Bouillane de Lacoste, has discovered in Seistan, in eastern Persia, a buried town. It lies almost midway between Meshed and the Persian gulf, in a district that Great Britain and Russia may bring some day into prominence. It lies in a desolate region, but shows evidences of a high civilization.